

[COU] Tipping Point: Evade and Resist (Fiction)

By Ethan Martes

Pristine durasteel walls that showed no possible way of breaking through without some heavy tools. A blue wall of energy humming softly as the only exit to this small five by five by five foot room. Two small vents at the top let in air, each only big enough to fit an arm through, and the only light was a small globe on the ceiling.

Pain throbbed through his chest, the last round of torture was a testament to how dedicated these Sephi were at getting information on Odan-Urr. Ethan's chest heaved ragged breaths for a moment as he laid on the floor. He breathlessly cursed as he held his bandaged torso. His eyes closed for a moment as he recalled how he was set up, ambushed and captured.

A cough escaped his lips and he winced, the sudden movement only making his chest hurt more. Though he had been put through the ringer, his own resolve showed how dedicated he was to not giving these Sephi bantha spit. "Well..." Ethan muttered, "I guess it's time to leave. If I don't get home soon, Petth is gonna kill me."

Without them taking too much notice, Ethan had used a mix of his silver tongue and his Force Mind Trick ability to get his torturers to loosen their own tongues. He now knew who set him up, as well as who headed the Vauzem Dominion. Kark, he was even surprised that they easily let slip that they were behind the Empress' assassination. "Dedicated to a fault but easily manipulated." Ethan rose from the floor and moved towards the barrier in front of him.

He had remembered from when they threw him in, that the control panel for all the cells was down to the left of him by about thirty or so feet. So Ethan placed his hand on the wall and closed his eyes, concentrating for a long moment. He didn't like this technique, as it drained him everytime he used it, but it was his best choice at the moment. The Force gathered in his hands and then sparks began to come from his fingers before a surge of electricity erupted out.

The light above him and the barrier flickered for a moment before both clicked off. While not an overly strong jolt of Force Lightning, it was enough to get the circuits of the barrier projectors and shorting them out.

Ethan staggered out into the hall, feeling rather lightheaded for a moment. Once his vision stopped spinning he could see rows of other cells around him, and a good bit of them occupied. He took another ragged breath as he heard two guards calling for him to stop. He turned to them and a smile crept onto his face as his hands went up into the air, "Ah, you got me..."

He counted their steps, waiting for them to be closer to him before one hand swished to the side. One guard suddenly flung into the other, both of them slamming against the wall with

enough force to knock them both unconscious. “Idiots...” Ethan muttered as he walked over, taking their blasters, “Ah man... I don’t like this model... Wish I had my gear.” Still he took their security keys and moved their bodies into his cell. “Right... Time for some chaos.”

If there was one thing Ethan was good at, it was chaos. Misinformation, subterfuge, distractions, and royally karking up enemy plans through infiltration. Ethan slowly walked down the hall to the main control panel. He heard another guard running over and yell something, but Ethan ignored his words and just shot him with the blaster before running the security card over the control panel and unlocking all the cells.

He turned to face the other prisoners as they started to slowly get out of their cells, “Ladies and gents, my name is Ethan Martes. I’ve had my fill of this place and I am leaving. If you wish to leave as well, I suggest now is the time. Here’s one of the security keys. Don’t follow me.” He tossed them one of the keys he picked up.

Ethan didn’t wait around for them to say anything or to try and team up with them. He didn’t need them near him, he needed them causing chaos and confusion. He needed them to keep the Dominion’s eyes on them instead of on him.

Within a few short minutes, the sound of alarms were blaring. The other prisoners had started attacking the other cell blocks and freeing prisoners. Ethan leaned on a wall for a moment, taking a breather as his chest still hurt from the torture he endured. After regaining himself, Ethan moved onward.

With the prisoners all causing such a nice distraction for him, it was easy getting himself to the guard outpost with his things. The four guards there armed their weapons and aimed them at him, “Drop the blaster and put your hands in the air!”

Ethan smirked and locked eyes with one, “Alright, alright. No need to do anything rash.” The Force moved through his words, “But you should be helping me.” The guards stopped for a moment, curious at first before the one turned on them and opened fire. Before they could react, the one guard had gunned them down, and then received a blaster bolt in the back from Ethan. With them out of the way and their keys, Ethan entered into the guard post and gathered his things, then turned on the intercom.

He cleared his throat for a moment and pulled the mic close to his mouth. “Cell Block Two is in need of serious support! Send any available units to this block, we’re being overrun!” He then smashed the mic. With that Ethan made his way out of there, knowing that an armed unit of guards was going to be there at any moment.

Using a mixture of careful timing, hiding in a corner with Force Cloak, and Mind Tricking pairs of guards into killing each other, Ethan was able to get himself close to the main command center. It was heavily guarded with several armored guards, one of which was behind a placed turret.

The doors to the command center were blast doors, the best Ethan could do would be to slowly cut through them with his lightsaber.

He waited around a corner, holding Marri in one hand and taking a deep ragged breath. He had been using the Force to help with everything so much, that he had only used it to heal his injuries some. There was no way he had recovered enough to rush the main command center. He only had Marri, Kritim, Aseka and a blaster rifle he picked up. The only other thing he had were his grenades.

Ethan froze for a moment and grinned, pulling out the concussion grenade and adhesive grenade. "It's time to make some friends." He primed the adhesive grenade and turned the corner, chucking it as hard as he could with the Force guiding it straight to the command door.

While it was not nearly enough to break the door open, it was strong enough to clear out the several guards posted outside of it. He followed up the adhesive with a concussion grenade, making sure that the armored guards were down for the count.

As he marched forward towards the command center, the sudden noise of yelling could be heard as a rush of prisoners from another end of the hall came running forward and trying to pry themselves into the command center. With Ethan making a number of the guards rush to the wrong place, the prisoners were able to outmaneuver the guards.

With the help of the prisoners and the weapons they confiscated, prying open the command center doors and taking over was a cakewalk. Ethan moved to the panels quickly to find the communication controls and shut down all communication from the prison. He then picked up his personal comm link, "This is Ethan Martes, call sign Ulwan. I need pickup at my position. I am being held at a prison and I've got some big pieces of info guys."

"Message received, sending evac now. Good to hear from you again, Ulwan." A familiar voice replied back.